

# THE Spiritual Magazine.

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MAY, 1873.

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## A LADY'S EXPERIENCES AND CONSOLATION.

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[The following letters were written by Mrs. Andrews, wife of Mr. A. A. Andrews, of Springfield, Massachusetts, to her husband's father, Dr. A. A. Andrews, of Windsor, Ontario, Canada West. Whilst on a visit to New York, her son Harold, a boy of fourteen, was killed by the falling of a lift in the hotel. With this explanation, we commend the narrative to our readers as evidence of the consolations of Spiritualism, and of the higher order of manifestations that are becoming common on both sides of the Atlantic.—ED. S. M.]

Sunday, January 28th, 1872.

DEAR DR.,—I have been longing to write to you ever since my return from New York, a week ago, but I crowded so much into the sixteen days of my stay there, that I was much exhausted. And if I had less to say, I should have said it ere this; but there was so much to be told that the task appalled me. I had nine sittings with Dr. Slade and two with Foster, and I can only say, as yet, of my experiences, that I feel as if born into a new life. Now, instead of the ever-yearning cry, "I believe, help Thou my unbelief," my heart rises up in thankfulness because of the blessed assurance, the absolute certainty which my loving Father has given me—given us. He gives all truth through law, and not by miracle, teaching that those who have left our sight here, are near us still, *very* near—often with us, happy—*so* happy, that, though loving us still as tenderly as ever, they would not, if they could, return; but await us in joyful hope, knowing better than we can know that their and our Father "doeth all things well." I have no more doubts to struggle with—no more fears—no more impatience to be gone; all life is

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changed to me ; my soul is filled with peace and thanksgiving ; and now, indeed, I can say, from the very depths of my being, "Not my will, but Thine be done ;" and even if that will require me to wait, and do, and suffer for years, yet the waiting, I think, will not again be impatient and rebellious. I say "*I think*," because I know how weak I am ; and it better befits me humbly to pray that my strength may endure, if tried, to the uttermost, than to presume upon my constant and sufficing capacity to receive the help which will never fail, but which I may be too weak and erring always to accept. As soon as I am able I will copy for you, in order, the notes of all my *séances*, which I took always *immediately* on returning to my room, no matter how tired I might be, and I was *very* tired sometimes. I never allowed myself to rest until these notes were written ; and I feel much indebted to Mr. Owen for impressing upon me this necessity. If I had waited a day to write an account of a sitting, I never could have been assured, as I now am, of having omitted nothing, and made no blunders through forgetfulness.

Dr. Gray, who is an old and worthy man, and whose practice, though confined to a few hours of each day, is almost too much for his strength, had much of interest to tell me of his own experience, and drove with me in his carriage from his office on Fifth Avenue to Foster's, leaving me there without an *introduction*, and calling again before I left. I stayed at Dr. Taylor's Movement-Cure, at the corner of 38th Street and Sixth Avenue, where I was delightfully situated. Dr. Taylor is a very sensible, and, to me, very agreeable man, though very reserved at first ; and his wife is one of the finest women I ever met. Through her I learned a great deal, as she had Kate Fox in her house (sleeping in a little room off her bedroom) for five years. She has lost two children, to whom she was attached with a fervency beyond the common love even of mothers. She never mentions the subject of Spiritualism to any but a few intimate friends ; never would have done so to me but through Mr. Owen's influence, and on account of her deep sympathy with that which took me to New York, longing and praying for light and help. She keeps herself aloof from the great body of Spiritualists, and, I think, is extreme in her shrinking from anything that could cause her to be associated with them as a *sect*, and yet she *lives* in the life revealed to her by her wonderful spiritual experiences, while at the same time she is one of the most efficiently practical women I have ever known.

Mr. Owen presented me with a copy of his book. He is as guileless and simple as a child. I had many delightful talks with him. He is seventy years of age, and a great deal more spry than I am. He was intensely interested with the account

of my sittings; he thought them very remarkable, and asked if he might use my notes in a book he is preparing. Mr. Owen took me one evening to Mrs. Undersill's (Leah Fox); she is very well off, and never sits except for friends, and has lost some of her power by almost never using it. I only sat with her a short time. Dr. Slade has developed his great power for physical manifestations during the last three months, though he has been a medium many years. Foster's name you will see often mentioned by Owen, and in *Planchette*. I will try and send you a notice of my first sitting with him in a few days.

LOUISA.

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Springfield, February 1st, 1872.

DEAR DR.,—I have copied my notes of the first *séance* with Foster, and before sending you more, I wish to say a few things on the subject which may help to explain, in a measure, what as yet no one can fully understand. In the first place media are, as you doubtless see from Owen's books, various, not only in degree, but in the nature of their powers, or of the manifestations to be obtained through them. Foster is considered to be one of the best, if not *the* best test-medium in this country. I think it likely that his powers are somewhat affected by his habits. All mediumship produces more or less nervous exhaustion, and temptation to recruit the bodily forces by stimulants is great. As a result, many mediums get into the habit of using intoxicating drinks (particularly those who become noted for their great powers). They are called upon to sit so much and so long that prostration is produced, which seems to make some stimulant necessary. Mr. Foster is much loved by his friends, and is considered by Dr. Gray and others who know him to be an honourable, warm-hearted man. He is not a man of education and refinement, but he has seen a good deal of the world, and his experience in this way, together with his kind heart, prevent his being what I call *coarse*. You may imagine that his physical condition is often such as to interfere with his mediumship; that it does not do so more surprises me.

From what I learned through Owen and Mrs. Dr. Taylor, I come to realize that a person going to any test-medium with the names of twenty persons or more, to most of whom he is not bound by any tie of friendship, and with none of whom he cares particularly to communicate in any world, is very likely to be disappointed—not altogether, but in a measure. Spirits are those who have exchanged the "terrestrial" for the "celestial" body—*nothing more*. They are not omnipotent nor omniscient. If we call for information from those who are not likely to be drawn

to us in any way, the confusion of impressions and influences becomes such that the medium is entangled in their maze, and blunders. All other things have laws and limitations, and if Spiritualism is *anything* it can be no exception to this universal rule. Yet people go to media perfectly ignorant on the subject, and demanding impossibilities, because they regard the power to produce spiritual manifestations as a sort of miracle-working, and therefore unlimited by natural restrictions; or else, if it fail to do *everything* or anything they see fit to require, they declare the whole thing to be mere humbug. Perhaps what I have said may clear the path for you *a little* in regard to our experience with Foster.

Yours ever lovingly,

LOUISA.

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FIRST SITTING WITH FOSTER.

January 6th, 1872.

About noon to-day Dr. Gray drove with me to Mr. Foster's house, and having an engagement, left me there without mentioning my name. Foster desired me to seat myself at a rather large square table in the centre of the room, the doors being closed, and no other person present. He seated himself on my right, as it were at the head of the table, I being on one side of it, telling me to place both hands upon it. The raps came loud and desisted the moment after we were seated. I was asked by the medium whether there was any particular spirit with whom I wished to communicate, and on my replying in the affirmative, he desired me to write upon slips of paper with a pen the names of several departed friends, not allowing him to see what I wrote. I wrote the names, "Mr. E. A. Jones," "Joseph Andrews," "Thos. P. Jones," "Harold," "Ernest Augustus," folded each up separately and closely, and mixed them together, so that I did not myself know one from another. I gave them into his hand. After holding them a moment, he let them all fall upon the table, and taking up a pencil, wrote with the greatest rapidity, "Dear mother, words cannot express how glad I am to be with you; I am by your side most of the time, and would assist and help you upward to the spirit-life, where we shall meet and be happy with each other. I love to come to you, and you shall often be made aware of my presence.—Harold." I asked if the words were exactly the same as those of the spirit, and Mr. F. replied that the phraseology might possibly be modified in passing through his brain, but not the thoughts expressed. I was here asked by the medium to put any question I chose. I asked, in spoken words, "Can he tell

you the cause of his being taken from this world?"—the reply coming instantaneously, "He tells me he was killed." I then asked, "Will he give me, through you, the name of his brother?" Foster desired me to point one after another at the letters of a printed alphabet upon a card held out of his sight under the table. Three loud clear raps came at each letter of the name, "Launcelot," and then suddenly, almost simultaneously with the last rap, the medium's hand wrote, with lightning-like rapidity, "Dear mother, as a test to you that I am here, I want you to give *Launcelot* my *tools*.—Harold." The words *Launcelot* and *tools* were underscored as here. "But," said Foster, "is that a given name? I never heard it. You do not spell it with a 'u' in it, do you?" (I might think this ignorance strange had I not had the same remark made several times by uncultivated people.) I requested Foster to ask whether my little boy could spell out the name of a little child whom he loved very much. Three loud raps answered without Foster having spoken. The medium called the alphabet, but the raps were frequent and confused; I then pointed it, with the same result, so that I feared it would be a failure, when Foster called out, "Stop; he says he can write it on my hand;" and, giving a slight exclamation of pain, as one might do from a pin prick, he held out his hand, closed, immediately in front of me. At first I saw nothing, but in an instant the name "Bertie," in large writing letters appeared on the back of the hand, as if formed with a pen dipped in blood—or rather, as if small veins just beneath the surface, formed in perfectly distinct and legible characters, the name I had asked for, and which had been neither spoken nor written by me. Foster spoke of other spirits being present, of the influence being very strong, and added, "One says he is 'Ernest Augustus,' and thinks he could manifest in form through Dr. Slade." I here asked, "Will Harold spell for me his second name?" As before, the frequent eager raps failed to give the spelling on pointing the letters, but Foster's hand wrote "Harold Saxon Andrews," the name Saxon not having been on either of the slips of paper, nor spoken by me. After Bertie's name appeared on Foster's hand he wrote, as if from sudden, eager impulse, "Give Bertie something," and then, listening a moment, added, in spoken words, "He says, give him one of my books; he wants mother to choose which. Will you," addressing me, "write the name of several books which he had, and several which he had *not*, and fold the strips up as before?" I did so, saying, "One of these books my little boy read oftener than any other; I wish he would tell me which one it was?" After a moment's pause, as if one listening to a low whisper, Foster

spoke, "He says it was the book of German Fairy Tales;" which we all know to be correct. "Your little boy also says," added Foster, "Give Bertie one of my coats." I asked which? "He says the light or white coat," replied Foster. I am not *certain* which coat was meant. As a crowning test, I asked our darling to tell me if he could remember what were the last words he spoke to me. Foster said he feared I should not get this; that from forgetfulness, or some other cause, the spirits often failed to answer this question, when, after a pause on the part of the medium, as of one waiting to hear or trying to remember something, he burst out with the words, "Ask Robbie Day to wait; I will not be gone five minutes."

Before the end of this *séance* Dr. Gray came in and seated himself near us. When the "last words" were spoken I was overcome, and could not control my emotions. Mr. Foster kindly laid his hand on my shoulder, saying, "Oh, don't grieve, you know that he is happy and near you now," when Dr. Gray, with a sympathy and understanding born from like experiences, said, "Oh, let her weep; she will never again shed such bitter tears as in the past." And I think that time, and if need be further trial, will prove the truth of his words. In these notes I neglected to mention (it seemed to me of so little importance) that before I left Foster asked me to rise, he doing the same, and both of us holding our hands some inches from the table; he then asked, "Will the spirits please lift the table?" It was lifted so high that it was difficult for me to reach above it, and remained suspended while I counted twenty. But this kind of thing I cared little about, and never asked for; it was not what I sought.

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#### FIRST SEANCE WITH SLADE.

January 8th, 1872.

About half-past ten this morning I went to sit with Dr. Slade. In the middle of the room stood a square table, covered with a cloth, which the medium removed before he sat down, giving me every opportunity to examine anything about it, or the different articles of furniture in the apartment, which was a nicely furnished back parlour, with two windows facing heavy sliding doors, through which the room was entered; doors and windows were closed (it was broad daylight, and no darkening of the room), and I sat down with my back to the grate, my right hand towards the doors, which Dr. Slade—sitting at my left—faced. I sat with the medium's hand resting on mine on the table, and in a minute or two there came raps. He said there were many spirits in the room; one he described as an

old man, rather tall, with a high forehead, who impressed him with the name of William Andrews. After remaining quiet a minute or two, Slade took dear Harold's slate (which I had brought with me) holding it under the table, close to the edge, between him and myself. I could see his hand grasping it, the thumb being above the table, so as to keep the slate close to the wood, there being no space between except that made by the frame of the slate. Before we began our sitting, Dr. Slade looked for a slate pencil which he had been using, and failing to find it, got another, and breaking off with his teeth a small bit, not larger than a grain of wheat, if so large, laid it upon the slate between it and the table. Immediately we heard writing being done; then there came three raps on the slate. We looked at it, but what was written was illegible, only single letters here and there being decipherable. The medium said the spirit was too impatient and eager, and that the first attempt was often a failure, but it would all come right presently. While speaking I felt my dress pulled hard, so that it seemed almost as if the overskirt would be pulled off, and my chair was dragged to one side, away from the table and from the medium. Dr. Slade then desired me to hold the slate in my right hand as he had held it, and placed both his hands upon my left on the table. We heard the scratching sound as before, and this time, when the raps indicated that the writing was finished, it was legible enough to make out the words, "Dear mother, when you come again, I shall be able to do more," signed not with the single name, as at first, but the first initial was indistinct, the "S. Andrews" being decipherable. Then Slade suggested to me to hold the slate on the top of my head, with the pencil upon it, both his hands clasping my left hand on the table. At once was written—(I heard the scratching of course more plainly when in this position)—"Dear mother, come again to-morrow and I will write you a long letter.—Harold S. Andrews." Again Slade held the slate, as the first time, and again there was illegible writing, signed pretty clearly "E. Andrews." I then took hold of it myself, (the unused hand always resting on the table) and the following was written quite legibly, "Dear mother, Aunt Edith is here; she is with me a great part of the time.—H. S. Andrews." Again my dress was pulled, and the guard of my eye-glass jerked, Slade's hand being on the table over mine; then my watch was pulled from my belt, and Slade exclaimed, "See! they have opened your watch;" and in looking I saw that the back of the watch, which can only be opened by pressing the spring, was indeed, as he said, hanging open. Twice, when Slade gave me the slate to hold with a long pencil on it, so that I could hold it a foot or more from the

under side of the table, it was written on, and the pencil afterwards thrown upon the top of the table. Once the hand holding the slate was tapped sharply with the pencil several times, and the slate jerked so that I could hardly hold it. Then a small hand, firm and natural, though feeling quite cold, stroked and patted mine; my knee was clasped, and a weight rested against it, as if a child leaned upon me. I said, "Oh, may I not look and see the hand?" when after several times again stroking mine that held the slate, and grasping my wrist firmly, it came up suddenly between me and the table. The motion was so rapid that I could not judge *exactly* of its size, though I know it was not large. It looked very white, and yet had a pinkish flush as one's hand does when light shines through it. Slade said he saw two hands, one small and the other larger, but I saw only one, and that I am as certain I did see as I have ever been certain of seeing anything. Slade said it was wonderful for it to appear by daylight, at a first sitting, and that I was developing very fast. The handwriting on the slate was not like Harold's. Slade said it never was so until both sitter and spirit were developed by frequent *séances*—that is, not in his experience; that he got communications from his wife in her own hand, but that at first, particularly with children and those only lately gone from this life, they have to use mediumistic means more or less suitable to them. "If," he remarked, "you wrote holding a pencil in a pair of tongs, your handwriting would hardly be recognisable. Usually in these cases some spirit, more accustomed to this kind of communication, lends his or her aid." (Of the truth of this I learned much afterwards from another source.) Once he placed the slate on the far side of the table, three or four feet from our hands, with the fragment of pencil beneath it, and at once there was written upon its underside, "God bless my dear brother and my loving mother—Harold." Again, while I was holding the slate these words were clearly written, "I have got your handkerchief." Slade said it was probably under my chair, or somewhere on the floor, (it had been on my lap). We searched, and at last found it knotted tight and firm on a bar of wood that crossed the under side of the table, with the missing pencil tied up with it. I *know* that Slade's hands were all this time before my eyes, and clasping my left hand upon the table. Before the close of the *séance*, Slade took an accordion in his right hand, holding it in plain sight; at first it was strongly pulled, and then played upon. I asked to hold it myself, to which he assented. I took it in my right hand, both of his being in sight on the top of the table, and held it down by my right knee, away from him, and instantly I felt it grasped from below. I felt the fingers clasping upon it as



plainly as if it had been a strong hand of flesh ; then it was made to sound loudly by pulling and pushing, though no air was played, and my hand and knee were patted, sometimes with the instrument, and sometimes by a hand ; the motion of the hand on mine was caressing and tender. Once during the sitting, as I sat with my right hand beneath the table on my lap, my handkerchief was pushed into it and pulled away again several times ; then my hand was stroked with it, and then with little soft cool fingers. At the close of the *séance* Slade asked the spirits to lift the table, which was large and heavy. It was at once done, being raised ten or twelve inches from the floor, his hands and mine being held above it, and it remained suspended for several seconds. It went down again, not violently, but with a slight jar as it struck the floor.

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SECOND SEANCE WITH SLADE.

January 9th, 1872.

I sat for a short time this afternoon, about 2 p.m. Immediately after taking our seats, the following was written, Slade holding the slate as before, with his right hand grasping it and the edge of the table, his left being upon mine—(the medium remarked that it was rare for a child's spirit gone so short a time to be able, even with help, to manifest in the way he had done)—“My dear mother, father, brother, aunt and uncle, to you all I speak ; be happy, don't feel so badly for me. I am so happy, unless when you all grieve over my name so much. I often hear dear mother say she never can be happy again without her Harold. Now I come, and am as ever your loving Harold ; also I come to you all, and try to make you know I am by you. Dear brother, you can be a blessing to mother and father, and I will be with you to help you in doing good for all. Dear mother, this is all I can say to you to-day, but I have much to tell you some other time. I am ‘as eve’ (indistinct) as ever.—Harold.” I give the punctuation as it was on the slate ; there were very few stops. After this was written Slade spoke in trance, and, for the first time in my experience, or rather observation of such things, I was convinced that in his case, at least, this condition was real, having nothing in it of even self-deception. He always knows when the influence is overcoming him ; his face changes in a singular way, and he declares that it is to him like a deep unconscious sleep, from which he wakes with a start and momentary confusion, knowing nothing of what he has said, or whether he has said anything. Sometimes he asks, “Have I been speaking ?” And several times, when I alluded afterwards to something said, or

some promise given through him in this state, it was evident to me that he knew nothing about it. This taken alone would of course convince no one; but, thank Heaven! my faith has firmer foundations than any man's word. As nearly as I can remember these were the words spoken by some spirit through him: "Your little boy is very happy, except that your grief has saddened him. He is delighted to be enabled to come, and he wants to make you feel sure that it is he. It is well with him, and no trouble or suffering can come to him any more; only that he is grieved to have you feel so badly. He wants you to be cheerful, and to know that he is near you, and loves you as dearly as ever. He does not want any of you to be troubled because you think you were sometimes impatient with him, for he sees all your love for him, and nothing troubles him but your grief. You must rise above these earth clouds, and be cheerful, and soon you will all be together, where you will never be sad or unhappy any more." The expression used in my darling's little "letter," "Grieve over my name so much," means a great deal to us, who know how, with the mention of his name by any of us, came anew the overwhelming agony of bereavement; but I need not explain this to you. Should I not be unspeakably grateful that I can say "Thy will be done?" Never can I cease to feel the loss of his every day visible presence till I rejoin him, but I can wait patiently now.

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## THIRD SEANCE WITH SLADE.

January 10th, 1872.

I went to Dr. Slade's about 10 a.m. As we were sitting down I said, "I wish I was not such a doubting Thomas; I cannot help being so, and I want so much a written communication which in handwriting and phraseology identifies itself with my little boy." Dr. Slade holding the slate as before, with his right hand clasping it and the edge of the table, the following words were written: "Dear mother, I cannot do as I did before the death of the body.—Harold." While the writing is going on, the medium talks with me quietly, in a way that shows his thoughts to be fixed on what we are saying. We seldom sit in silence for more than a minute at a time during any *séance*. Taking the slate, with a long pencil upon it, Slade's hands and my left hand being on the table, I held it in my right hand down by my knee; it was pulled still lower, and twisted about so that I had to make an effort to prevent its being dragged from my grasp. Slade told me to hold it as still as I could, as it might be written on, but I could not keep it still; it was shaken and rapped against my knee several times; then my

hand and arm were tapped over and over again with the pencil; which sometimes struck on the back of my hand and sometimes on my linen cuff. After this play, it was thrust up between my waist and the table, as if to show it to me; then my hand was tenderly stroked and patted many times by small fingers, and a weight leaned against my right knee—not a dead, moveless weight, but like a child's living form pressing against me. My neck-ribbon, which hung just below the table, was twitched several times; my watch guard taken hold of, and an effort made to pull the watch out of my belt. (This guard was one bought by dear Harold for himself in Northampton. It is one of the kind that looks like little beads, made of Berlin iron. Since he was taken I have worn it in place of the gold chain I was accustomed to wear.) The slate being tapped impatiently, I said to Slade, "I think he wants to write." The medium took it in his right hand, holding it as before, and speaking meanwhile with me about the power of the manifestations; and as he thus spoke these words were written, "Dear mother,—Always wear my guard; I love to see you have it.—H." I was not thinking at the time of the guard as associated with my dear child, but was absorbed in observing the wonderful force manifested, upon which Slade had remarked as being wonderful under the circumstances. Again I held the slate upon my knee, or rather hanging close to it, and again my dress and sleeve were pulled, and small fingers passed caressingly over my hand. I exclaimed, "Oh, is it my own dear boy? And can he not kiss my hand as he used so often to do?" And then I felt as distinctly as ever in the past, lips pressed upon the back of my hand with just the firm, tender, lingering pressure that was to me so familiar and so characteristic. This was repeated several times, and then again the slate being shaken, as if for writing, it was taken by the medium, and holding it as usual, these words were written: "Mother, I am your own dear boy, and I know all your love for me.—Harold." As the hand touches were so precious to me I again placed my hand on my lap (always the right, the "positive" hand, and that away from the medium), first taking my handkerchief from my pocket, thinking perhaps it might be knotted without being tied to the table, and that if this were done I would keep it so. It was drawn softly out of my clasp, and my hand smoothed with it; then it was pushed up between me and the table and pulled down again, the hand that moved it being invisible or hidden by the table; this was repeated several times, and then again it was pushed up directly under my eyes and above the edge of the table, and I saw with perfect distinctness the hand and fingers showing pinkish beneath the very thin cambric. This remained long enough for me to examine

their form and outline, which I could see just as plainly as I can see those of my own hand so placed. It was not a sudden flash like the first materialised hand I saw on a former sitting, but remained while we remarked upon and scrutinised its appearance. The handkerchief was then laid back on my lap, and a hand I could not see, but felt plainly enough, was pushed up under the left sleeve of my dress, which was not tight fitting, but slightly open, over an undersleeve of muslin. My arm was so far from the table that there were about six or eight inches of space between, and while I felt the hand grasping the inside of the open sleeve, shaking and jerking it, the pressure upon my arm being precisely like that of any natural hand, and the clasp of the fingers twitching the sleeve as plainly discernible to the sense as the motions of the sleeve were to the sight; I could see nothing whatever in the space between the sleeve and the table. Almost as soon as this ceased the lower part of the basque or jacket I wore, which hung down about a foot in front below the waist, was forced outward, not as by a single hand, but as by a solid substance as large almost as a child's head, so that the lower edge of the material was pushed out horizontally with great force, the solid substance moving underneath it being as apparent to touch and sight as any material body, placed in the same position, could be. The basque was pulled and shaken violently, and an effort made to force a hand, or hands, as it were, *into* my side. This was by no means momentary. The medium spoke several times while it lasted and became nervously agitated, exclaiming, "Oh, see! see! what force they use! Why it seems as if the whole form must be materialised! It seems as though a child's head and arms were there!" And then, with wide open eyes, and a nervous tremour going over his face, he asked, as if overcome with awe, "Are you not frightened?" All this time the pulling and pushing went on, no thought or sensation of fear, not even of awe, was awakened in me, only a glow of joy and thankfulness, so that, though prepared by Dr. Gray and Mr. Owen for this nervous fear on the part of the medium, his question struck me with surprise. A moment after he had spoken, and after the manifestation ceased, he leaned back in his chair, as if nervously prostrated, saying, as he clasped his hands upon his side, "He's exhausted me very much."

When the sitting was otherwise over the medium became entranced, and said, as nearly as I can recall the words, "We have been helping your noble boy to make his presence manifest to you. Nearly the whole form has been materialized, he has repeatedly kissed you, and his hand has been thrust into your side as Thomas's was into the side of Jesus, that you might feel

and believe. Your dear boy would have been stronger to manifest unaided had he not so clung to you in your grief that it has interfered with his development in the spirit-world. Had he been more with us he would have gained more strength, but now that you are lifted into a higher, happier sphere, while he will be with you still, learning, through you, many things concerning the earth-life, he will no longer be hindered by a low sympathetic clinging to you in your suffering. If you will come to-night you will get some manifestations in form, and when you return home you shall often in the twilight be made aware of the presence of your loving child, and perhaps feel his soft touches. His spirit arms have been about your neck this morning and he is delighted to be enabled to come and cheer you." I felt as if breathing a "purer air" while he spoke, and my heart was full of peace and thankfulness. As we still sat at the table speaking about the next sitting, Slade seeming a good deal exhausted, his face suddenly flushed up as if with new life, and he exclaimed, looking towards me, "Oh, how beautiful, how lovely that is! I see a radiant light about your head, and now it forms a crown. It is perfectly beautiful, and about it I see the words, 'The clouds are dispersed.'" Of course, I have no proof save that given by his face and its expression that he did see this, no proof to offer to another, but I *do* know what my own eyes have seen has been as wonderful as that which he claimed and appeared to see, and therefore even reason forbids my refusing to confide in the inward conviction which came to me with the force of intuitive perception that what he said was true.

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#### FOURTH SEANCE WITH SLADE.

Evening, January 11th.

I went by appointment at 5 p.m. to Dr. Slade's. After waiting about half-an-hour, I was shown into the room where the *séances* took place. This room has no door but the heavy sliding doors by which we entered, and these were closed behind us. Dr. Slade then lifted from the sofa a small black muslin curtain about a yard and a quarter square, and suspended it across the side of the table by a string crossing from wall to wall parallel with the doors. Sometimes it was put up ready when we came into the room, so that we entered behind it. In this small curtain, or screen, there was cut an aperture rather more than a foot square, I think. I sat opposite to it during the evening *séances*, and could see both it and the doors of the room; the upper part of them being, of course, much higher than the upper edge of a small screen so placed. I have also

sat in the room outside of these doors while others were sitting in the evening, so that I know they were never moved from the beginning till the end of the *séance*. There were no places of concealment in the room. The only article of furniture in which a person *could* be hidden was a wardrobe which I could see where I sat. Of this I said to Dr. Slade, "If I tell them at home that there was a wardrobe in the room, even though it could not be opened without my seeing it, they will immediately suspect it of harbouring some person or thing by which the manifestations might be produced." He smiled, saying, "We will settle that," and, locking the door, put the key in his pocket. (I found afterwards that this wardrobe was shelved and used for bottles of medicine.) Before taking his seat at the table, he turned down the gas partially, remarking that sometimes, when the influence was strong, the spirits regulated the light themselves. There was also an open grate in the room with a glowing coal fire, so that it was never too dark for us to see the expression of each other's faces and every article of furniture in the room.

After sitting a few moments with the medium's hand covering mine upon the table, speaking to each other occasionally in low tones, though not in a whisper, a small hand was lifted several times *slowly*, as if by an effort from below, and held up opposite the opening, remaining still a moment, and then sinking again out of sight. This hand was held open with its palm towards me; it was in size and shape like Harold's, which was, though delicate, a boy's hand, not like a woman's. Then, there appeared rising slowly, as the first had done, a hand and arm more exquisitely beautiful than mortal hand *could* be, but so like dear Edith's that I think her parents would have selected it as hers among a hundred. It was exactly like hers in form and size, but, oh, so *exquisitely* lovely, very, *very* white, with a soft, fresh lustre that no words can describe; and the arm, which was shown almost to the elbow, was partially concealed by a loose sleeve (drawn in a little about the wrist), which seemed woven of some translucent material more luminously beautiful, white, and delicate than ever came from earthly loom, and glimmering in spots or threads about it, shone something silvery, like drops of dew on gossamer when the sun is reflected from them. There was also something about the wrist of glittering, silvery brightness. The fingers were slight and beautiful in form, the hand being held, not facing us, as the first was, but so as to show its outline and that of the delicate wrist perfectly—form, texture, everything about it, being more artistically beautiful than those whose eyes have only seen hands of flesh and earthly garments can picture. Who could look at this vision and fail to be re-

mindful of the words "glittering raiment" used in Scripture? But what words can reproduce, even to the most vivid imagination, such a vision. Slade exclaimed again and again, in a low voice, "Oh! what a lovely hand; I never saw anything so beautiful." He afterwards saw this hand touch my shoulder. I was looking straight before me, and did not see it; but a moment afterwards my knee was touched several times and gently patted, and then that celestial hand, shining with *absolute whiteness*, was lifted between my waist and the table. A moment afterwards, at the opening of the curtain, there arose what first appeared to be a luminous cloud, which rapidly concentrated itself into the form of an old man's face. It gave out light, and its outlines were not perfectly distinct, so that I could not feel sure whose face it was. It had a very pallid, death-like appearance, and the features were softened into indistinctness as by a haze. Slade said it whispered something which he could not hear. I *thought* I saw the lips move, but was not absolutely sure of it. This face came twice, and, instead of sinking down, it receded, gradually fading away as it did so. Dr. Slade said he saw phosphorescent lights about the room, and seemed almost annoyed that I could not see one in particular, which he pointed towards, as showing itself brightly against the dark cover of a chair across the room; but I was not mediumistic enough to see any form or light until it became in some degree materialized by approach to the table or darkened curtain, from which, as from a battery, the forces supplied by the medium seemed to be drawn. If the whole room had been dark, I think I should have seen much more; but any such suggestion filled Dr. Slade with horror; he would not listen to it, and insisted on having it lighter than I wished it to be. So long as the spirits about him are only visible to his inner sight, or felt as he feels them habitually when alone, he has no more sense of fear or awe than we have in each other's presence. But when the form becomes so materialised as to be visible to other eyes and tangible to the ordinary sense of touch, then he has this nervous agitation excited, and dreads he knows not what. When these manifestations ceased, Slade shuddered and thrilled as he does when falling into trance. It seemed as if electric shocks passed through him when this condition is coming on or passing off. He said, as nearly as I can remember, "We have tried, dear sister, very hard to-night to materialize spirit-form, that you might be convinced and comforted. The old man who showed himself to you was the grandfather who came to help your little boy, but they could not succeed to-night in materializing his face for you. Harold's deep sympathy with you prevented his drawing the needful elements from you; but, if you will sit

several times in the evening, he hopes to show you his face and that of the young girl who is with him, and whose hand touched you and showed itself close to you, so that you might believe. Your grief is lightened now, and it will pass away and leave your spirit peaceful and happy. After you lay your head on your pillow to-night, you will receive (not *perceive*—I much fear I shall not do that without mediumistic help till I am rid of this poor weary body.—L.) the caress of your spirit-friends, who will be with you in your room. God bless you, and farewell." Although the old man whose face was shown and spoken of as grandfather, I cannot say that I recognise the face. It looked rather sombre and child-like, but very benign, and at the time I thought it might be my father's; but it was not distinct enough to make me feel sure about it.

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SECOND EVENING SEANCE.—FIFTH SITTING WITH SLADE.

January 12, 1872.

I went to Slade's about half-past five, and waited a short time, so that it was dark enough for gas before our *séance* began. The blinds were closed. I noticed that the large sliding doors had let into them ground-glass panels as in many New York houses, which, though they could not be seen through, would have admitted some light from the next room, which was lit with gas, had not crimson rep covered this ground glass and Slade hung up a heavy shawl at the crack between the doors, so as to darken more fully the space between them and the screen. I sat as before, with my back to the window facing the small black curtain with the medium on my left, his hands touching mine on the table. We sat some minutes speaking together at intervals, when Dr. Slade said he saw a phosphorescent light, and afterwards the faint form of spirit towards the corner of the room by the bookcase. I looked, but saw nothing. In a moment something glitteringly white began to show itself above the lower edge of the screen. It rose gradually, and the same beautiful hand and arm we had seen last evening appeared, only from the intense phosphorescent light it emitted, or from some other cause, it was less distinct in outline than before, but on appearing the second time it was more materialized, and I saw plainly about the wrist a glitter, not of silver, but of gold. The hand looked less substantial than before, more as if made of concentrated light. It then came *in front* of the curtain above the edge of the table opposite where I sat, and afterwards I felt it resting on my knee and smoothing down my dress. Slade told me to draw back a little further from the table (keeping my hands still upon it), because the form was so materialized as to need room. When



I did this I felt something substantial *pass* between my lap and the table, and the white slender hand rose above its edge close to me. I could feel it as plainly as I saw it; it seemed as if the arm pressed against my wrist. The lovely hand was lifted up close to me. For a moment or two there was a pause. It was light enough for us to see each other's faces plainly. Then Slade exclaimed, "There it is again in that same corner; now it moves this way!" And then, rising slowly behind the aperture, came up a face most lovely and familiar to us all, made somewhat indistinct at first by a luminous haze that appeared to surround or emanate from it; but as I looked, it grew more and more distinct. The head was crowned with a chaplet of white roses, and a flimsy rich veil fell on either side of the face; the neck and bosom were draped in gauzy lustrous raiment, and upon the breast shone something of intense golden brilliancy. After remaining visible for a minute it sank downwards. I said in a low whisper to Slade, "She used to have such lovely hair. Did you notice it? I could not see it plainly." "No," he replied, "the veil obscured it; but I thought I saw curls." Again the fair sweet face, more distinct than before—the veil was thrown backwards a little, and, with a faint, tender smile, the head was turned slowly, first to one side and then to the other, so as to show us clearly the dark ringlets resting on the neck. I said, quietly, but not in a whisper, "Oh! dear, dear Edith, is it, indeed, yourself I see; and shall I gladden your mother's heart by telling her so?" The beautiful head nodded several times with a slow, graceful motion, and pressed forward, as if wishing to come nearer, so that the curtain (remember it is only a straight black muslin, about a yard and a quarter wide) was pushed outward, and the material of which it was made twisted and visibly shaken, as if by the pressure behind it. Slade whispered, "Didn't you hear? She said 'Dear sister.'" I did not hear. A few minutes after the disappearance of this lovely vision, there arose above the *top* of the curtain (not at its opening, there all was dark, except that the doors showed dimly in the back-ground) what first seemed to be a luminous mist; then, gradually, I saw the wreath and veil, and general outline of the head we had seen before, but the rest was very indistinct and cloudy; made more so, I think, by the medium's nervous agitation. He clasped my hand tightly, his own trembling, exclaiming, "Oh, look, look, isn't that wonderful! Oh, do you see it?" I tried to keep him quiet, but he was too much excited to be under my or his own control. He, of course, saw more distinctly than I did, for he sees the forms developing and approaching the table before they make themselves seen or felt by me. He said he saw the young girl that had appeared just

before, and another spirit form, resembling the old man, but less distinct, holding up between them a little boy whose face he saw plainly enough to have recognised it had it been familiar to him. After this vanished he became influenced, and spoke in trance nearly as follows:—"We have tried hard to-night, dear sister, to do the very best we could for you. We have done much, but have failed to show to you your little boy's face distinctly. Do not blame us. He stands here, and knows that what I say is true, but the depth of the sympathy and yearning love between you prevents his being able to do as you and he so wish. When you were grieving over his loss and wetting your pillow with your tears, he was close beside you kissing you, and wiping them away with his spirit hands." A few more words were spoken, but the slip of paper on which I made the first hasty sketch of the sitting was lost or burnt by mistake, and I cannot now recall them.

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INTERCALARY.

Monday, February, 1872.

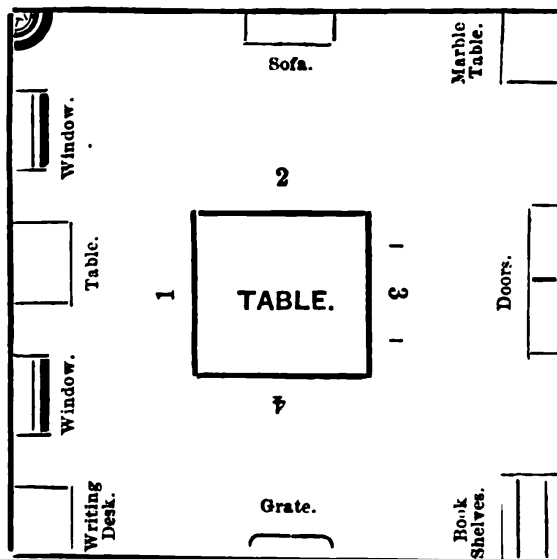
DEAR DR.—I have just copied for you my fifth sitting with Slade. I shall be sadly disappointed if the notes fail to interest and impress you and dear Hannah, as I think they will. I should like to have made the copy more neat and legible, but it has been hard even to do what I have, my head and back are so weak; still the writing has been a real pleasure to me, hoping and trusting, as I have done and do, in your sympathy. I will here quote a few words from a paper of the late Robert Bell, which I find in *Planchette*—"I refuse to believe such things on the evidence of other people's eyes; and I may possibly go so far as to protest that I would not believe them even on the evidence of my own. When I have seen them, however, I am compelled to regard the subject from an entirely different point of view. It is no longer a question of mere evidence or authority, but a question of fact. Whatever conclusions, if any, I may have arrived at on this question of fact, I see distinctly that I have been projected into a better position for judging of it than I occupied before." This involuntary change of view is more true than those who have not experienced it can imagine. My whole mental attitude and moral condition are changed as completely as if I had been lifted into a different sphere of being; *and I have been*. This certainly is not the experience of all, but with me it is something as real as life, as real as the sorrow that tortures, as the "Peace that passeth all understanding." I know to you it can scarcely be more than "a tale that is told." My eyes cannot see for you, nor my hands feel for you; and

though you know that I am worthy of confidence, there will arise in your mind doubts and suspicions which nothing but such an experience as I (and many others) have had can remove. Still, I trust that from these heavenly portals, which have been opened before me, some light may reach you, even though it be but as "moonlight unto sunlight" compared with the glory that has been revealed to me. You *cannot* see *through* me the well-known face on which rested no cloud of sorrow, from which a joy serene and perfect radiated, as with that light which never shone from earthly sun, and to you the shining raiment is but a glitter of words, something to be imagined, as having been shown years ago to eyes as unreal now (save to the imagination) as the vision revealed to them. But I have done all I could for you, and I trust it will be more as coming to you in this way than anything you could read in a book, though that were equally well attested.

I want to give you a description of Dr. Slade and the house. He is a man of, I suppose, about 32 or 33; a regularly educated physician, though making no pretence to much general culture. He is rather above the middle height, well formed, not slight in build, but not at all heavily formed, strong and marked features, a harmonious face, slight moustache and beard, dark magnetic eyes, black closely-curling hair, a dignified, though sensitive, half-shy address, and something so sincere and almost childlike in his manner, that when you become a little familiar with him it would be difficult for any one to suspect him of trickery. Mr. Owen said to me, that among hundreds he should have selected him as *the* medium. He seems to live rather in the inner than the sensuous world; and Mr. Simmons, his business partner, who makes all outside arrangements for him (as to appointments with sitters, replying to questions, receiving visitors, &c.) appears to be devotedly fond of him, as are, indeed, all the family. He is a widower, living with this Mr. Simmons and a married daughter of the latter. There is also in the house a very nice widow lady about 40, who was an intimate friend of his wife's, and with whom I was much pleased. Dr. Slade is no artist, never painted at all except in trance state, *with his eyes closed*. He took a likeness of his wife some time after her death, life-size, and painted in oils, being only one hour in doing it. It is not a fine painting by any means, but is said to be an excellent likeness, and there are some touches about it which *I* think would be remarkable in any picture, certainly most wonderful from the hand of one utterly without knowledge or experience as an artist. No man in a natural condition *could* paint such a picture in an hour. I did not see him do it, and I do not know those who told me these things well enough to be able to rely

upon them. But we have the best evidence that pictures have been so painted by media; and I see no reason to doubt the statement in this particular case. Dr. Slade's house is one of those New York basement houses, which have a *suite* of three rooms at the head of the stairs, that which is usually a landing being the central one of the three. The house is handsomely furnished. The office where Mr. Simmons keeps himself is on the left of the front door, as you enter; a dining room being at the back, the door and that opening on the street being the opposite. Upstairs the drawing-room is in front, the middle room being furnished only with a lounge and a large piano (the lounge standing with its back against the stairway), and opening with sliding doors into the back room, used for *séances*. While waiting for other sitters to come out, I sometimes sat in this middle room, and sometimes in the drawing-room, where I had interesting talks at times with members of the family. I saw a great many ladies and gentlemen, Dr. Slade's visitors being generally of the better class. Some come as sceptics to investigate, and while I was there I *never heard one person* who came out from a sitting express *less* than astonishment and inability to offer any explanation of the phenomena. One gentlemanly-looking man objected, that if a force could be generated to move machinery, so that money could be got by it he should see some use in it, but now he didn't see what good it was at all! I am afraid I said in my heart, "Oh, thou blind fool!"

I will try and draw you a little diagram of the room, which is, I think, about 14 feet square.



In the day *séance* I sat at No. 4, Slade sitting at No. 1. In the evening I sat at No. 1; the curtain was hung at No. 3.

This curtain, I ascertained, was 3 feet wide and 5 long. Dr. Slade sat in the evening at No. 2. The little marks on the side No. 3 represent the width of curtain, hung, not in folds, but straight and plain, across the room. When we sat for a few moments talking about the *séance*, after it was over, the doctor would pull the curtain down, saying it made him nervous; but when we rose immediately, I went directly behind it on leaving the room. Am I wearying you with all this detail?

LOUISA.

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Springfield, February 7th.

MY DEAR DR.,—I have but just received yours of February 4th. As to the "notes" and your criticisms, I have little to say; you will find your objections far better answered in Owen's books than I can answer them, also in *Planchette*. I do not propose to prove by any argument that Spiritualism is a fact, but will, so far as I know, answer your personal and particular suggestions and suspicions, and then leave my chaplet of pearls in your hands; if to you they are wax-beads, *that* neither of us can help; but argument cannot shake convictions based upon all the evidence I can ever have of the existence of anything—the evidence of my senses. I have before said that I know you cannot see with my eyes, or hear with my ears, or feel with my hands. I have only *words* to give you. To me they are very precious, and I *would rather not have them read to any who will listen to them with scornful suspicion*. They are associated with what is dearest and most sacred to me. I know, if *you cannot believe*, you still respect my belief, and therefore I give my treasures willingly into your hands; but I do not want determined and sneering sceptics, or those who might prove such, to see, or hear what I have written, not because I care for their disbelief, but just because what is sacred to us we feel to be poisoned by the touch of those who cannot feel in any degree an appreciation of or sympathy with it. As for Dr. Gray, he is a *gentleman*, a man widely known and most highly respected for his moral qualities, as well as for his professional skill. He warned me by no means to let Foster know my name, or any of the circumstances of the case, because, if I did so, doubts would inevitably arise in my own mind afterwards, and I should thus weaken the assurance I so much desired to have established. He saw Foster when he saw him with me for the first time since my arrival in New York, and, if he had seen him a hundred times after what had passed between us on the subject, he would carefully have avoided any mention of me, just as Mr. Owen, his friend, avoided giving my name, in introducing me to Foster, as

"his friend." This you will say I cannot *prove*. I shall not try to do so; you must judge for yourself. You know as well as I do, what amount of trust should be placed in a gentleman such as I have described Dr. Gray to be, and whether it is likely (having nothing to gain by deception) he would go and do the very thing he warned me against doing. As to thought-reading in Foster's case, I can only say that, in striving to impress certain thoughts upon him, I failed utterly; that what he said often was not consciously present to my mind, and that, although I could not help wishing, "Oh, if my dear little boy would only think to send this or that message—would allude to this or that event as evidence to those at home of his identity!" never once did I succeed in impressing the medium with what I could not but earnestly desire. Then again he read what was written, when the sitter did not know which of many slips he had in his hand; but then you may shift your ground, and say this was only another form of clairvoyance; but clairvoyance, as you admit, does not write names on the medium's flesh, nor give, as once in my experience, a name utterly unknown to myself. Then again I was not at the moment thinking of dear Harold's "tools," and, if what is strongly impressed and apparent in the mind is unperceived, and what lies dormant among hundreds of other thoughts is selected, from among them, by some power, there is thought-reading as incomprehensible and as uncertain in its action as anything can be. I rather imagine that a lady who had a heavy winter dress torn across the front by the spirit-hand of an Indian, and had to go home with it tied and pinned up as best she could, thought "biology" a pretty strong sort of thing. But then I was only told of this by several persons who saw it, and if I had seen it myself, it might have been a biological seeing, or Slade may have torn it in broad daylight, and she only imagined, because biologized, that he sat still before her with his hand on the table while it was done, and so on *ad infinitum*. What would become of us and our senses if we judged of everything we did understand in this way! And what is the use of trying to account, in this very (as I think) absurd and unsatisfactory manner, for one thing which, after all, leaves many others of a similar character unexplained? Ask any questions you please relative to my experience, but do not demand, as proof, that I shall be able to account on philosophical grounds for the phenomena; or tell why, if one thing was so, some other things might not have been; or explain the fact of a medium's fallibility (as such); or why, if he can do so much, we must be convinced ever so much more. I only know what I have seen, and my own mind is satisfied that I have held communication, as thousands of others have done in all ages and

countries, with those whose bodily frames have been changed by death. I wish, for dear Hannah's sake, and your own too, that I could show you the truth *as I see it*, but it will all come in God's good time. You have not been made wretched by doubts as I have been; so as to the future life, you are among the "blessed who, not having seen, yet have believed." God has been very good to me in my weakness and suffering, and, though you may deem it unphilosophical, I feel that *now* distrust would be ingratitude; that it pains those who have tried to manifest themselves to us, I have no doubt. Will send more notes very soon.

Yours ever lovingly,  
LOUISA.

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"I think a person who is terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact."—ADDISON.

"That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent testimony of all ages and nations. There is no people, rude or unlearned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience could have made credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongue confess it with their fears."—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

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#### SEVENTH SEANCE WITH SLADE.

January 17, 1872 (Evening).

We began our evening sitting about half-past five. The gas was as usual partially turned down, but light enough for me to see any object as large as a pin upon the table. After a few moments of quiet, Dr. Slade said he saw as usual a spirit towards my right hand, near the desk in the corner of the room, and remarked that the hand gave out a wonderful light. In a moment this hand appeared in the aperture of the curtain, and,

as if it held in, or rather on its palm was an intensely brilliant star of light. The hand was Edith's. I say was, because it was like hers, and like one shown as hers on two previous sittings, and because it became evident afterwards that she was manifesting with great power. The arm was draped as before with a white gauzy sleeve. Several times it was shown behind the aperture, sometimes on a level with the curtain, and sometimes receding till the spot of brilliant light was almost all we could see with distinctness. This same hand reappeared and passed through the opening, and when I remarked that the outline was not quite distinct on account of the intense light rayed out by the star, it was laid upon the outer surface of the black curtain as a background to show it more distinctly. In this case only the hand was seen, the arm and sleeve not being visible. An instant after being thus shown I felt it resting on my knee rustling the silk overskirt, so that Slade asked "What is that?" I drew a little back to make room, and then it came, white and lovely, between my wrist and the table, with the star of intense light glittering upon its palm. When I felt the touch of the hand I asked, "Is that dear Harold?" No response came, all was still. I then asked, "Is it dear Edith?" when it patted my knee several times strongly and rapidly. After this, as we were speaking together quietly, the lovely face we had seen before—Edith's face—appeared at the aperture. I said softly to Slade, "I cannot see it distinctly as before," when it pressed forward, so that the head forced itself partially through the opening, shaking and rustling the curtain as it did so for, I should think, full a minute each time—long enough for us to make various comments on what was so wonderfully and beautifully manifested to us. She moved with a swinging motion sideways, showing the dark curling hair resting on her neck, one ringlet of which lay across her left cheek as if blown there by a light wind. I was speaking to Slade of her hair, and he said, "I wonder if she would turn the back of her head to us; I have never yet seen that done." A moment afterwards the head was presented to us with the face turned entirely away, the dark curls falling on the neck. The veil was removed, so that I could see the hair plainly from the top of the head to the end of the curls. This also remained long enough for us to examine it carefully. After its disappearance and a short pause, Slade again exclaimed, "Oh, *can't* you see her over there? She is coming again." I could see nothing till a gleam as if some one approaching with a light fell upon the front of the screen opposite my right hand, though higher up, and in a moment more, at the windowlike opening, looked forth the sweet, happy face beaming with a tender peaceful joy. I thought I saw the lips



move, but was not quite sure. Slade said, "She is whispering something, but I cannot make out the words." Then she leaned towards us, pushing the curtain before her, and turning her head so as to bring her lips near the ear of the medium as he bent a little forward in the effort to hear, she spoke again, and this time he said, "*Surely* you hear *that*?" but I did not. She whispered, he said, the words, "Love to all." I exclaimed, in a low voice, "Oh, dear Edith, can you not send some little word to your mother?" This time I saw the lips move and heard that they whispered something, but tried in vain to distinguish the words. Slade said, "You must have heard that?" I answered I heard the sound, but not the words. "Oh, I do wish," he added, "you could hear! She said, 'Tell ma' I wish she was here like you.'" [She meant, I suppose, under like condition, so that as I saw her, so might she be ever by her mother.] Again she spoke, and this time I heard her say, "Tell pa'," but neither the medium nor I could hear the concluding words. The whisper was as of a *breathing out*, the lips moving as if with some effort, and *every word spoken alike*, no modulation or emphasis, and a slight pause between them. Several times the face disappeared as we spoke together, not while she was speaking, but in the intervals to gather more power in the darkness. I asked her, "Have you any message for Harry?" and in reply came the low words (this time perfectly audible, though still in the peculiar *hushed* whisper, each word spoken with effort, as if spoken alone) "Beware of the cup." This I heard her say with her own lips, and so plainly that no one listening, and seeing the sweet lips move as with an almost painful effort at articulation, could have doubted or remained unmoved. Those who did *not* see may doubt, and cavil, and sneer, making objections and putting suspicious questions I cannot answer; but I *know* that Edith was there visibly before me, and that she herself spoke the words I have repeated. I asked, "Will not my darling Harold show me his face?" She replied, "He has not strength for this yet." "If I go to Mumler," I asked, "shall I get a spirit picture?" She replied distinctly, "Go, and I will come." "And will Harold show himself to me there?" I questioned. Again distinctly she replied, "Yes; he will come." After this there was a pause, and then, for the last time, we heard the faint spirit-whisper, "Good-bye, angels bless you all." Dr. Slade said he had never before had such a sitting, that, after weeks with one sitter, he had heard a low whisper and single words, but never anything like repeated question and answer.

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## EIGHTH (SHORT) SEANCE WITH SLADE.

Morning, January 19th.

The medium had been ill the day before, and I was myself much exhausted. After sitting down we heard raps across the room. The slate was written upon as follows: "I wish Harry would come on and see for himself; it would do him good.—Edith." I asked Harold what happy words he would like us to put upon the headstone of his grave. Then sentences were written, a rap coming upon the slate between each, indicating that we should lift it and read, "The soul cannot die," "My spirit will be with you," "My spirit comes to you," "I am with my mother still." Then the hand pulled my eye-glass guard several times, petted my hand caressingly, and then I felt it at my waist, under the front of my basque. When I looked, the strings which confined it closely behind and were tied in front were undone and hanging loose. I said to the medium, "I know I tied them, but if I tell them so at home they may think I forgot to do so." I then tied them up again firmly in a double bow knot as before, and a second time I felt and saw underneath the basque the rapid motions of the hand, and a second time the strings were untied. A third time I tied them, this time in a tight double knot, saying, "I do not think my little boy can undo that." In a moment I felt a small hand tugging on the riband, and almost instantly the knot was undone as the bow had been. I asked Edith when I should go to Mumler to try and get likenesses of herself and my dear boy, and she replied in writing, "In four weeks' time." Again the slate was written upon as follows: "We will do all we can to-night to materialise in form, and will write with a pencil on paper.—E."

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## NINTH SEANCE WITH SLADE.

January 19.

We began our sitting about half-past six p.m. The evening was damp and rainy, and both Slade and I were far from well, so that the conditions appeared unfavourable. Before we had sat many minutes, Slade spoke of seeing a beautiful light about my head, and then drew my attention to this light, and a shadowy form over by the desk, but, as usual, I failed to see it there. In a minute more dear Edith's hand, and then her face appeared at the opening of the screen; and, leaning forward, she made an effort to speak; I heard a faint sound, but not the words. Slade said, "Please try and speak a little louder, so that we may hear." She leaned more forward and towards him,

and said audibly, though in the same peculiar whisper as before, "I will write to ma'." The speaking seemed difficult to-night, though she moved her hand naturally from one side of the opening to the other, turning it partially round, and, at last, showing the back of it, as before. This time the half transparent veil was thrown over the top of the head, the curls falling beneath it. After disappearing a moment, we again saw her; and, turning a little towards the medium, she whispered (audibly to me also), "Put the paper upon the slate on her lap." I had brought a short lead pencil, and it was lying upon the table where we sat. I said to Slade, "Had you not better place the pencil on the paper?" He had already laid a piece of writing-paper upon a small slate, which he put upon my lap, as directed. I had drawn back from the table, so that the paper was in full view, only one edge of the wooden frame of the slate being under the edge of the table. Instead of directly replying to my question, he sat a moment, looking towards the desk, and then said, "Oh, see! Don't you see? I do so wish you could see! There is a hand taking up a pencil from the writing desk! Now she is bringing it here!" My hands and those of the medium were together on the table, and, as if from beneath it, came the same delicate, snow-white hand we had seen before, with a long pencil held in it, and wrote, under my eyes, these words, tracing them rapidly—but not more so than is usual with a rapid writer—as I watched it, "Dear mother and friends, I am so happy to come and tell you I live again, and am in a beautiful world, full of love and human kindness. Tell *dear* Harry to shun *all* things that lead to sorrow and gloom, and *he* will be blessed in the spirit-world.—I am, dearest mother, your ever-loving Edith." The hand only disappeared as it receded, and was hidden while signing the name by the table, as the lower edge of the paper was close to the frame of the slate. After a momentary pause, Slade exclaimed, "Oh! see her there! She has the pencil still in her hand!" I could not see her where he did, but in a moment the hand appeared at the opening of the curtain with the pencil held between its thumb and forefinger. When it vanished from my sight, Slade still saw it, saying, "There she is! I see her whole form going towards the desk with the pencil;" and, as he spoke, it (the pencil) was thrown from the direction he indicated, opposite to where he sat, and fell close to me upon the table. It was light enough in the room to see any article of furniture and the expression of each other's faces, but not light enough to read without turning the gas higher; and Slade said, "We will not disturb the conditions by moving now. I never had such a manifestation before, and I am afraid the writing may not be legible,

but we shall see afterwards." So we placed the written paper on the table, and sat quietly again. The medium took the slate in the left hand, as he does when the power is collecting, or the battery being charged, or whatever it may be that bridges over the gulf between spirit and matter. I asked, "Cannot my dear little boy show me his face this last night?" Slade said he felt, by the hand pulling upon the slate (it seemed as much as he could do to keep hold of it), and by the draft made upon him, that they were trying their hardest to get strength for dear Harold to show himself in form. Several times a hand like his, and unlike Edith's, rose as if something were pushing it up by a strong effort, the curtain rattling as if shaken by some one moving behind it, and then my skirt was pulled and I felt a hand patting the dress upon my lap. I said, "Is that my Harold?" The little pattings came faster and faster, and the little hand flashed into sight for an instant between me and the table. I asked, "If it is he, can he take mother's handkerchief and tie it up?" As an answer, my handkerchief was drawn from my lap, and I did not know what had become of it; but the medium said he saw a hand pass rapidly across between the table and the fireplace, towards the screen, with the handkerchief, and in a moment the boyish hand held it up behind the aperture twisted into a knot, and while I looked it was thrown through upon the table close to my arm. Slade went into trance and spoke as follows: "Dear sister, we have done all for you that the conditions would permit; not all you and we desired, but all that was possible; and we see that the grief that crushed your heart is lifted, never more to overburden it as in the past. Peace shall be with you; you shall be guarded by day and by night; those whose loss has been so deeply mourned have given every proof in their power that they live and love their dear ones still. We have filled for you the frail cup of life to its utmost capacity, and the waters of peace and blessedness overflow, refreshing and strengthening your soul. Your sister and your little boy will be with you if you go to Mumler's for their pictures, and think they can there show their ethereal forms. We bless you and bid you a loving farewell!"

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## THREE GLIMPSES INTO THE NEXT WORLD.

IN the autumn of 1871 a relative of mine took down the following communication from the lips of a young girl at Heidelberg. The original paper in German signed with the girl's own name I have in my possession.—A. M. H. W.

Carolina Dourfler was born May 25th, 1854, in Soellingen, near Durbach in Baden. Her father is a stone-mason, now in America, her mother a laundress in Carlsruhe.

“I was ill with a chest complaint for 14 days, when on the 16th of May, 1871, at two o'clock in the morning, I saw a tall man standing in the doorway. He had a large key hanging before him which appeared to be of gold. I looked at him attentively for some time, when he said to me ‘If thou should'st live until to-morrow thou wilt become well again.’ His countenance was white and as if shining with light. I called to my aunt and told her what had occurred. The following day I became worse and received the sacrament, since it was believed that I was about to die. This was on the 18th of May, 1871. Immediately having received the sacrament, I fell into a nervous convulsion. Those who were with me believed me dying. When I fell into the convulsion I saw two men in white; one standing on either side of my bed. I went away with them, floated away with them, coming through a high gateway. Everything shone as of gold. I at once saw the tall man with the key, he sate as if upon a throne. Many, very many white forms were around him. All appeared glorified, clear, youthful, and very beautiful. My friend who had died the previous year, Julianna Scheid, hastened to me, asking many things, especially news of her mother, whom she greatly loved. She said, ‘Is not my mother soon coming?’ I also saw a woman from a neighbouring village who had been very ill. The man with the key said to me, ‘Thou canst not remain here, but must go back again for a little while.’ Then came the two men in white and brought me forth.

“It was very painful to me to go away again. I did not speak a word; could not do so. How grievous was it to me to find myself again on earth! I lay in my bed upon straw. The coffin was there. Two days and two nights I had thus lain, unable to speak or move. But now I saw and heard everything round me. People came and wept over me as dead. Then I began to pray fervently.

“Five minutes after seven o'clock, I commenced growing warm again. At nine o'clock I was to have been buried. As they were about to put on my shroud, they perceived that I

softly breathed. My aunt Margarithe Dourfler, at whose house this happened, lived in Neukirchen, near Masbach; she is still living there, and can speak to the truth of all that I state.

"So soon as I could speak, I related what had happened to me whilst my body was dead, and my spirit absent. People came from far and near to hear what I had seen. Many ladies came and many clergymen, and put many questions to me. All spoke of the miracle. I, Caroline Dourfler am Evangelical, and have never heard of miracles except those that I have read about in the Bible. What I say is the truth.—Heidelberg, 15th November, 1871.

"The people who were round me said that I smiled with delight, and showed the greatest joy in my face when I first fell into the convulsion, and was conducted away by the two men."

The following account of a similar, though less remarkable intromission into the Spiritual world, was given by an aged and very pious woman, lately deceased—well known for many years to the writer and her family.

"In one of my severe illnesses, I was very near to the world of spirits. I lay for six hours unable to speak. Part of the time I could hear what was said around me, but could not answer when either the doctor or nurse, or a friend (Mrs. Turton) spoke to me. How tenderly did Mrs. Turton ask me to speak to her, but I could not do so. After I ceased to hear what was thus spoken to me, I appeared to be standing upon the very verge of the glories of the eternal. Two objects clearly emerged from 'the immense multitude which no man can number,' and them I recognised as being the form of my father, and also of a lost child, my first-born, dear little Joseph. Oh, how happy did I not feel! But they neither approached quite to me, nor I to them. It was not for me at that time to depart from earth. I had to return again to life and pass through many and severe trials, such trials that when I look back I am a wonder to myself."

This third narrative was furnished by a near relative to the writer.

"When I was at U—— in 1857, I called on our neighbour, Mrs. Jonathan G., a religious woman, who had been a widow for many years, and who devoted herself to deeds of charity. I asked her after her husband's family. She said 'They were all gone now, but William G., who had the largest family, and he is now left alone; first his wife died, and then his daughters. The mother and daughters were all seriously minded, and were very tenderly attached to each other. I never saw people who lived so entirely for each other and apart from the world. After the

mother's death the two sisters were never separated for a day. At length the eldest followed the mother, and the youngest soon showed symptoms of decline. I was much with her, and had an opportunity of knowing how fully she was prepared for the change. One thing only perplexed and troubled her—the question—should she in heaven see her mother and sister? Should she know them, and be with them? ‘Is it wrong,’ she would say, ‘that I should feel that heaven would not be heaven without them?’ The clergyman could not satisfy her: he said, ‘You will see your Saviour, and that is happiness enough.’ Truly; but her yearning heart was *not* satisfied, and she often prayed that God would clear up her doubts. ‘I had been with her,’ continued Mrs. G., the whole of one day, the next was Sunday. I sent early to know how she was. The maid returned saying that she was gone, and that her father had sent to bid them toll the passing-bell. I set off immediately with a sad heart, for I had hoped to have been with her in her last moments, and knew that this had been also her earnest desire. When I entered the room, she lay as one dead, her eyes closed, as though she had passed away in sleep. I felt her hands, they were not cold; I laid my ear to her cheek—I could perceive a sense of warmth, and felt sure that she was not yet dead; so ordering the maid out of the room, I sat by the bed and waited. Time passed on, and the church bells began to chime for service. Gradually her eyes opened as from a long sleep; seeing me, she said with a smile, ‘Oh! dear aunt, I am so glad you are here; I have been taken into Paradise. My Saviour came for me and led me there, where I saw my mother and sister, oh, so beautiful! He told me I should be with them shortly. Farewell, dear aunt!’ and laying her hands together, and closing her eyes, she passed away without a sigh.”

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## OLD FATHER TAYLOR.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

WHO is old Father Taylor? asks the English reader. That is a question which no American would ask. Everybody in the U. S. knows all about old Father Taylor, the sailor preacher to the sailors at Boston. Father Taylor was one of the great notorieties of the United States for above 40 years. Not only did all Americans, when in Boston, hasten to the Bethel Church to listen to the marvellous and original discourses of Father Taylor, but all celebrated visitors from Europe too. Amongst

those of our own *literati* who have left records of their astonishment and pleasure in listening to Father Taylor, we may name Harriet Martineau, Silk Buckingham, Charles Dickens, and Mrs. Jameson. To these we may add Miss Bremer, and of Americans all the most famous,—Webster, Lincoln, Emerson, Longfellow, Wendell Phillips, &c., &c. Taylor was a common sailor, who went voluntarily along with a sea captain, passing near his home in Virginia, when he was only seven years of age, and never seems to have seen or heard anything more of his parents—who had been very indifferent parents—nor they of him. At about 20, he was suddenly *converted* by Bishop Hedding, a celebrated Methodist preacher in Boston, and soon became a preacher himself in the same body, the Episcopalian Methodists. He was totally uneducated when he began to preach, could not even read, and used to get some one to read a few verses in the Bible or Testament to him in order to obtain his text. As he listened, suddenly he would say, “Stop! put your finger on that, and read it again.” This being done once or twice, he would say, “There, that will do! shut the book.” He had got his text, and pondering on it at his daily work, would, on the arrival of the hour for chapel, preach a sermon from it, that would electrify and entrance his hearers. For some years, however, he chiefly preached in country places, and got his living at one time by doing the work of a poor widow’s little farm; but much longer as a wandering pedlar, buying up old rags and selling iron and tin ware. He tried his hand at shoe-making, but had no genius for tacking on *soles*, his business was with *souls*. Before this, he had been seized in an American ship by the English during the war with the Colonies, and confined in Dartmoor Prison. Tired of the sea, even rag-gathering was a pleasant change for him, and his extraordinary talents as a preacher, soon mounted him on a horse, and thus on a very meagre horse, and as meagre salary, he tramped the country, and won a stupendous name as a preacher. He was a Ranting Methodist; they were all Ranting Methodists in those days! “Our meetings,” says Father Tucker, “were not remarkable for their stillness, even in Boston,” and Taylor was no stiller than the rest.

But the fact was, he was a born preacher, and once on his legs he seemed inspired by the spirits of all the Bunyans, Baxters, Whitefields and Rowland Hills that ever lived. He cut the most ludicrous jokes, dashed out the most startling ideas and unexpected comparisons, convulsed the audience with laughter; and as suddenly burst like a thunderstorm over their heads, scaring them into silence, or touched their sensibilities as by an electric finger, and had them all in tears. He was a



strong-souled, strong-passioned, self-willed and daring man, whom no conventionalisms of place or speech could bind. He said and did what the native vigour of his being and the masculine character of his mind dictated in the moment of inspiration, and there lay the secret of his success. He was often sarcastic, jeering, mocking, as it were, and full of jests, jibes and witticisms, but never vulgar. The native dignity of Genius preserved him from coarseness or vulgarity, and the profoundly religious temperament of his nature bore him continually aloft from these eccentricities into regions of lofty imagination, and of sublime emotion which held his hearers suspended as in trance, and as one man. He met with a woman exactly fitted for him, equally characteristic in her own way, and just the helpmeet to restrain his extravagancies, soften his severities, and take care of his affairs. Her name was Deborah, and like the Deborah of old she was a mother in Israel, and as he was universally known as Father Taylor, so was she as Mother Taylor.

A preaching phenomenon of this magnitude could not long remain in the shades of the country. Trotting on a lean horse from one New England village and farm to another, he was called to the gay and philosophical Boston, to preach to the sailors. A house called the Bethel was built for them, and a church near it. Instead of the star of the country waning in the Boston firmament, it only burst out more brilliantly, and it was found that it was not the simple ignorance and inexperience of the rural religionists which gave him his fame. It was his own fulness of light and matter that only wanted a wider and higher field to astonish the philosophers, and the master preachers as much as it had done the simple Arcadians of the New England woods and fields. Father Taylor soon became the first star of the preaching hemisphere of the New World; and the sailors of Boston carried his fame all over the world, and were always impatient to get back to their beloved home, the Bethel, and to the church where Father Taylor conversed with them as his dearest friends, and listened to all their experiences and religious inquiries with the most lively interest.

"But," says Friend Spiritualist, "no doubt Taylor was a remarkable man, but what have we particularly to do with him? Was he a Spiritualist?" No; at least, if he were he did not know it; and yet a friend and fellow preacher says of him, "He did not like what is called Spiritualism; perhaps could not do it justice, and told me several times with some complacency, as of an exorciser, 'The spirits never stay after I come; can't get them to do anything; they are afraid, and run away as fast as they can go!'" No doubt the spirits knew very well that Father

Taylor was of too positive and self-willed a nature to listen to them; they must listen to him, and I dare say they did at the very time that he thought they had all run away. The following anecdote, told by one of his daughters, shows us clearly enough what the spirits were likely to get from Father Taylor in open intercourse, and yet how they did manage him all the time. It is the child that speaks:—

“‘Are you dreaming, father,’ I said, one day, when he was leaning back in his chair, with closed eyes, and a happy smile playing about his mouth. ‘I am in heaven a little way,’ he answered, without moving. ‘And what *is* heaven, really?’ I asked, climbing upon his knees. ‘It is loving God,’ he replied, still with the same dreamy tone. ‘And did you always love him?’ I persisted; ‘And did you always preach?’

“‘Yes,’ he said, ‘I don’t remember the time when I did not love him, and I think I did always preach: for when I was a very little boy, I used to kill chickens, so that I might make funeral sermons; and when there were no more chickens, or birds, I dug them up and buried them over again. I was very proud and happy when I could make the boys cry by my sermons; but if words would not do, then I whipped them a little, for I had to have mourners.’”

“The child was father to the man,” and Father Taylor would have whipped the spirits if they had not pleased him, could he have got at them. But they knew better and kept silence, and then he laughed, and thought they had run. Yet we see they managed to take him into heaven a little way, unawares. We see it again and again in his life.

Some one said to him, in his latter days, “There’s sweet rest in heaven.”

“Go there, if you want to,” responds the tart old man.

“But,” persists the consoler, “think of the angels that will welcome you.”

“What do I want of the angels?” he replies; “I prefer folks;”—but then, after a thoughtful pause—“but *angels are folks.*”

“Father Taylor,” says his biographer, “in his double-winged faith and reason, conquered this sense of separation between angels and man, and reduced that foolishly, weak-faced, broad-winged, white-grained creature of fancy, to a bright-brained, warm-hearted child of God, and dweller in the heavens, full of ‘comeatableness,’ of dependence, of touches of weakness and winsomeness. ‘Angels are folks,’ is the best picture of heaven that ever he painted.”

Continually in his sermons Father Taylor forgot that “he did not like what is called Spiritualism,” and exhibited himself

one practically. When preaching the funeral sermon of Bishop Hedding, he dwelt on the glorious exit of Hedding, and of the spirit-home to which he was gone. It was good enough, he said, for a bishop to die, shouting "Glory! Glory!" and in the smoke ascend to heaven. He invoked the presence of the departed patriarch, and prayed that the ministry of his spirit might be near. He believed that all the retinue of heaven would not prevent that sainted spirit from often coming down to mingle with those beloved brethren whom he had left labouring below. It was, he said, a thought full of rapture and joy. Here the whole audience was deeply moved by sympathy, as though actually realising the animating presence of celestial spirits hovering around on missions of divine good. It was a scene, says the biographer, of such passing delight; and none entertaining faith in a rational Christian philosophy, would have failed being elevated with the gladsome theme of immortality. Each soul seemed to leap with joy at the presentation of immortal life; and the spiritual affectional elements of the heart expanded with the solemn and serene hope of soon joining the innumerable throng of heavenly witnesses, hovering over this stormy pathway of the world, whispering of a world where the ransomed of the Lord shall clasp hands with palms of victory, and lift the everlasting song.

Go to! let these fine fellows "who don't like what they call Spiritualism" alone, and they will soon out-Spiritualism us all.

It is equally clear that he put faith in dreams. A man came to his chapel saying he was told in a dream that there was a preacher come to Boston that he must go and hear. He also saw this preacher in his dream, and was sure he should know him if he saw him. He was a very wicked fellow, who never went to any chapel or church, and knew nothing about preachers. However, he set out through Boston enquiring after a new preacher, got to the chapel, and saw the very man of his dream sitting in the pulpit. The sermon had such an effect on him that after the service he introduced himself to Father Taylor, told him the story, and was received by him most affectionately. This man was the first person converted by his preaching there, was the first admitted to membership, and continued a staunch adherent.

Mother Taylor was still more open to spiritualistic influences. Several members of the Society of Friends introduced themselves to the Taylors. To one of them Mother Taylor became particularly attached, named Avis Keene, who was an elderly minister. The Taylors were greatly taken with all these Friends from their simple and genuinely Christian spirit. In her journal she says:—

" *October 13, 1867.*—Avis Keene left her earthly habitation at the advanced age of 86. The acquaintance commenced in Lynn, during the session of the Conference, and continued. My heart was united with her in Christian sympathy, and the attachment was mutual. I loved her much—have always loved her, and have had sweet communings with her, present and absent. When her only son came to say, 'she had gone home,' I felt her present, and said, 'Blessed sister Keene! I feel she throws her mantle around me; we are not separated. No! we will mingle our spirits, although not our voices; we will commune together,—she in her heavenly mansion, and I in my earthly home; we will not be separated.'

On her own death-bed the world she was about to enter altogether was continually opened to her. She would have short intervals of sleeping, and when she awoke, it was always to say something which proved that she had been away resting in her spirit's home. Once it was, "I have been all day with my heavenly Father, and I think he will take me home to night," and again, "I have been visiting my mother and sister Martha," both of whom died 40 years before. And another time it was to tell of seeing beautiful flowers, and hearing sweet music.

" *Sunday, May 30,* was a marked day above the others. Her son came in from the morning service at the church, to find his mother sleeping; and he whispered to a sister, 'Tell mother when she awakes, that Mr. Noyes prayed beautifully for her this morning.' When this was repeated to her, she said quietly, 'I know it.' This was a matter of great surprise to the daughter, who knew how grateful and appreciative her mother was for any remembrance or attention, and who expected, of course, to have thanks to return. After a few moments of resting, she said as quietly, 'Ask Ned to tell Mr. Noyes that while he was praying this morning I saw beautiful flowers.' 'Did you see them, mother, or were they brought to you?' Then her face was as the face of an angel, as she answered, 'Why, my dear, I saw them. I went to the spirit-land, and oh! they were beautiful—so beautiful!' 'Well, dear mother, you will soon have all the flowers you want.' 'Yes, my darling, my heavenly Father will give me everything.'

"Three weeks after this, the day before her funeral services, the message was repeated to Mr. Noyes, fearing it might not have reached him in its full significance . . . . He sat with bowed head and folded arms during the recital, then made this reply—'I was never so drawn out in prayer in my life before, and feeling nothing could be too good, or too much to ask for Mother Taylor, I asked for flowers.'

"O may we not believe the Divine Comforter, who is the

Holy Ghost, the Illuminator, granted this beloved child a glimpse of the banks of the river of the water of life, and the flowers that fill it with immortal beauty? 'If heaven lies about us in our infancy,' much more does it when coming up to the very gates of the golden city, and when already at the borders of the land which is not now, if beforetime, very far off."

One of the grandchildren of this patriarchal pair, a mere child, professed to have the faculty of seeing spirits, and in this shape the old man was wonderfully taken with Spiritualism. This faculty is sometimes developed in children, and continues all their lives, unquestionable instances of which are well known to us; but whether the performances of this child were genuinely such, or merely such assumptions as children daily make in their play with all the gravity of reality, does not sufficiently appear. I rather incline to the latter theory. But the passage is very amusing:—

"The youngest child had a habit of gazing into the sky, and insisting that she saw little angels floating about on pink and white clouds, and that they beckoned to her to go up and play with them; and particularly after the death of a friend, she would describe minutely the faces and games of those far-off playmates. One day Nellie stationed herself at the window to see if she too could not be favoured with such graceful glimpses, 'Oh yes,' she said, 'You are not the only one who can see angels. There's a friend of mine up there, see?' Little Pearl, as she was called, looked very far off, making her eyes small with the effort to see anything so insignificant, and drawled out with an indifference perfectly exasperating. 'Y-e-e-s, but she isn't much of an angel, sitting on the back-door steps of heaven, *a-swinging her feet.*'"

The latter part of the account reveals little Pearl as a consummate quiz. Probably this was what charmed the old grandfather, who was highly delighted with the child's idea of the "not much of an angel," swinging off into unknown space, without even a foothold!

In conclusion, we may ask, are there really any families of strong affections and truly devotional minds, who, whether they like Spiritualism or not, are not as much Spiritualists as ourselves? Are there any which have not the like experiences? Argue with such persons, and they at once set up their backs like cats at a strange dog; or invite them to an interview with the pleasant people from the other shore, and they look unutterable things. But let them alone, and they walk straight off into the inner land, or receive visits thence as a matter of course, and record them for our benefit.

In any case, however, we have in Father Taylor the

genuine-man stamp. He is of the true grit of genius and goodness. One of the giants who used to be in the land, who has slept somewhere, like Rip Van Winkle, has just awoke, and is looking about for his fellows, but in vain. They don't exist; they are gone, and their children have deliquatated in the hot Turkish bath of modern high-pressure education and strength-evaporating civilisation. Father Taylor stands amongst us, or did lately, as a Colossus amongst pigmies, like the statue of Osymandrios to which the little travellers of to-day look up in a stupor of amazement. He was a specimen of what nature can do for a man if he do not get spokeshaved down by educational coopers, or planed out into the thin smoothness of insipidity by University joiners. Up he stood in the midst of the New England Athens, strong, somewhat violent, somewhat erratic, full of thunder, full of ideas, to use his own expression, "put spurs to lightnings;" but in his stalwart vigour of intellect and emotion never running far off the line; upright, outright, Christian, and noble to the core.

We want more such men, any quantity of them, if we only knew where to get them, in these days of featureless cleverness, whited-sepulchres and hollow cylinders walking about as though they were men and brethren. But even Father Taylor is gone—gone after the Foxes, Wesleys, Whitefields, the Nelsons, Chathams, and Wellingtons of religious and intellectual warfare. The Titans of massive sense, eloquence, and heroic sentiment, untouched by the pestilent dry rot of infidel physics and paganized theology. Bravo! Father Taylor, king of sailors, prince of pedlars, gathering rags to make heavenly garments for the naked and destitute of earth, trying his hand at shoecraft, but never at priestcraft, sound-hearted and open-handed to the last. And bravo! Mother Taylor, the brave man's sheet anchor, holding on with her pure instinctive heaven sense, when he seemed running too near the breakers, beautiful as the star that follows for ever in the wake of the moon, like a silver skiff drawn by the hawser of love, after the noble ship of heaven! When God sent Father Taylor to be the father of the great crew of Boston sailors, he sent him that woman, true, wise, loving, liberal, and yet prudent, the best of counsellors, the surest of guides, the most potent of encouragers! Thus, He who made him, made His work complete in all directions; complete to him; complete to the Jack Tars; complete to hundreds of thousands that heard him, and felt themselves new manned for earth and heaven.

In the Mount Hope Cemetery, at Boston, are two mounds covered with myrtle, with a neat headstone on each, and "Father Taylor," "Mother Taylor," upon them. These are the true

memorials of the faithful and famous man and woman. Warriors! with your sculptured tombs stained with the blood of tens of thousands, you cannot sleep like them: nor wake like them! What a difference indeed! They, welcomed to life by thousands whom they had blessed; you, met by the curses of millions whom ye had cursed by fire, by bullets, by bayonet, by plunder, devastation, and death! "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his!"

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## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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### SPIRITUALISM AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Two lectures on "The Phenomenal and Scientific Aspects of Spiritualism" have been delivered in the Opera Theatre at the Crystal Palace by Dr. George Sexton, M.A., M.D., LL.D. The first of these lectures was given on Wednesday, and the last one yesterday. Mr. Benjamin Coleman, of Upper Norwood, presided on both occasions. In the first lecture Dr. Sexton divided the phenomena of Spiritualism into five sections namely:—1. Movements of ponderable objects and rapping noises. 2. Intelligent answers to questions. 3. Psychological phenomena of the nature of trance and clairvoyance, in which the organism of the sensitive or medium is more immediately acted upon. 4. Direct action of spirits, as in spirit-voices and direct spirit-writing. 5. The appearance of spirits to many persons at the same time. The lecturer reviewed the objections of Dr. Carpenter and others to Spiritualism, and said that they were utterly incompetent to explain the great majority of the manifestations; he also stated that the spiritual theory alone met all the facts. At the lecture yesterday, Dr. Sexton gave further information about spiritual phenomena, and expounded the views of Bishop Berkeley and other philosophers as to the nature of matter and spirit. Both lectures were largely attended, and at the close of each, several questions were put by several gentlemen present. One inquirer wished to know what good Spiritualism had done to the world, and he asked whether the spirits had ever done anything useful, such as revealing the names of great murderers or great forgers. Dr. Sexton replied that crimes had often been revealed by spirit-agency, but that if spirits, as a general rule, returned to earth to act as policemen, or to teach people how to get money, he should hold them in contempt. Their chief mission was to demonstrate to man in this materialistic age the reality of a life beyond the

grave, and to teach men so to live here that they may be happy hereafter. It also, he said, proved that the loved ones gone before are not altogether cut off from communicating with their friends, and it robs death of nearly all its terrors. At the close of the lecture yesterday a vote of thanks was given to Dr. Sexton.—“*Echo*,” April 5th.

A similar report also appears in the *Daily Telegraph* of the same date.

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#### REMARKABLE MANIFESTATIONS AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

Mr. Henry E. Russell, of Kingston-on-Thames, gives the following account of a *séance* at his house, on the evening of March 30th :—

“ We commenced our *séance* about seven in the evening, my mother, sister, Mr. Clifford Smith, myself, and Mr. Williams, the medium, being present. The medium was lying on a couch adjacent to the table, round which, with joined hands, we sang ‘Hand in hand with Angels,’ and a cloud of light floated in our midst, and standing by the chair of Mr. Smith, revealed a spirit clothed in robes of brilliant white. The brightness of her appearance was reflected by the polished table near which she stood. Her low, sweet voice, and the smile which animated her radiant features, were at once recognised by Mr. Smith. She asked us to continue singing; then kneeling down near the table, the sitters on either side of her being still in part illuminated from her raiment, she slowly bowed her head in cadence to the tune. Another spirit then suddenly stood close beside me, waving in his hand an egg-shaped globe, resembling in shape and size a large seeing-crystal, but so intensely brilliant was it in appearance that its soft peculiar light was sufficient to light up a portion of the room with almost moon-like lustre, showing the recumbent form of Mr. Williams still entranced upon the couch, and several articles of furniture near where he lay. This spirit was at once recognised as my father, who for more than 15 years has been an inhabitant of the eternal home. He also was clothed in long, loose robes of radiant white, and wore a turbaned head-dress. His appearance was a counterpart of a photograph of him I recently obtained at Mr. Hudson’s. Had we not been able to see him, my mother and myself would at once have recognised his voice as he stood and spoke to us.

“ If space permitted, I should here be tempted to dwell at considerable length on the recognition of materialised spirit-forms, but I will content myself with stating that my father was enabled on this occasion to let us see him as he is, appearing in



features just the same as in earth-life, but with that spiritual refinement, that look of perfect peace, which is alone possessed by the loved ones beyond the cloud. He remained, walking about the room, and thus seen by all of us for a considerable time, when John King seemed to take the luminous globe from his hand, and appeared similarly draped, the light illuminating his fine materialised form in the same manner as with my father. Every detail of John's features was clearly seen; no resemblance to the medium there. He turned, so as to show the back of his figure in high relief against the light in front of him, showing the perfect materialisation of the whole of his body and clothing. 'You see,' he said, 'I did not come to you for nothing;' and then, holding the crystal-shaped light aloft, he remarked 'This is the result of Katie's work. It is quite solid,' he continued, at the same time resting one hand on my left shoulder, whilst he leaned across my right and struck the table with it. 'We bring part of this light with us; the other we gather here.' He then rested the light upon my head, and the peculiar substance from which it emanated felt as hard as stone. I remarked this to John, and asked if it were possible for a spirit to illuminate the face of a mortal with the light? 'Of course I can,' he replied; and on my placing my hand before my mouth to prevent my breathing upon it, he passed the light, still in his hand, slowly up and down close to my face, so as to light it up with the peculiar radiance which shone on his own countenance, and clearly visible to each one in the room. John here remarked, 'It is impossible for us yet to do these things at public *séances*.' Then, standing with one hand resting on the table, and gazing intently on the light in the other, he remained for some seconds as if thinking deeply; in a soliloquising tone he continued, 'Yes, just as bright as this light is, so shall I be soon!' Another spirit, probably Katie King, was seen throughout these manifestations floating near the ceiling, and with a pleased look of interest seemed to preside over the proceedings of the other spirits. My father then walked round the room, shaking hands with and speaking to each of us. Placing his right arm round my neck, he stooped down, and spoke to me of matters known only to myself; then, taking a hand of each of us, and placing one upon the other, he pressed them together within his own, blessed us, and wished us good-night. This simple act of joining our hands together within his own seemed to me to be more suggestive than volumes that could be written on conditions. John King then came forward and shook hands with us all, wishing us all good-night; thus closing one of the grandest manifestations from the spirit-world that it has ever been my good fortune to witness."

## SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.

An Australian daily newspaper, the *Bendigo Star*, of December 23rd, 1872, devotes a full page to the report of a lecture in favour of Spiritualism delivered at Sandhurst the night before. From this lecture and other accounts we have recently published, it is evident that nearly, if not quite, the whole range of spirit-manifestations are now being witnessed in Australia, and that, as a consequence, Spiritualism is there making rapid progress.

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## MORE SPIRITUAL APPARITIONS AMONG THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

The *Moniteur de la Meurthe* reports that thousands of persons assemble every day near Neufbois, a little village in the Vosges, where it is pretended the Virgin has been seen almost daily. The unbelieving Prussian authorities shut the people out of the Communal forest, where the first appearances took place, but since that time they have been repeated still more frequently in an adjoining meadow, the proprietor of which has thrown it open to the public. The journals of Alsace and the Vosges are full of details of these wonders.

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## THE MYTH OF RE-INCARNATION.

*Spiritualism and Spiritism*, by Anna Blackwell, is a curious jumble of false analogies, grotesque fancies, dreary speculations, unproved assumptions, inconsequent and inconsistent reasoning, and perverted or misunderstood facts, the explanations of which furnished by Spiritualism, Psychology, and Physiology are wholly ignored by the writer—as it would appear because unknown to her.

We cannot here pretend to discuss a doctrine which we are assured “is intimately connected with every department of life and of thought, and can only be decided in connection with the vast and complicated question of the Pre-existence of the Soul; a question requiring for its elucidation the combined indications of every branch of natural science, interpreted by the light which our extending scientific knowledge will enable us to receive from disincarnate spirits of higher degree.” We are only induced to make this reference to the pamphlet to correct the misapprehension that our compliance with a request to insert the notice which appeared on our wrapper concerning it implies that we look with favour on the doctrine it advocates, but which in truth we can only regard with aversion; and we regret that

the able and amiable writer should waste so much enthusiasm and ingenuity, and that her judgment should be blinded by what, to us, seems so gross and degrading a delusion.

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DR. GULLY ON THE LATE LORD LYTTON'S RELATION TO  
SPIRITUALISM.

The view taken in our March number, of the late Lord Lytton's relation to Spiritualism, is confirmed by Dr. Gully, in a letter in a late number of the *Spiritualist*. In relating his experiences with Mr. D. D. Home, he thus incidentally refers to the late Lord Lytton:—

“ A recent instance of evasion of this knowledge has been exhibited in the late Lord Lytton. In the sermon on his death, preached by Dr. Jowett, in Westminster Abbey, the preacher mentioned that only three weeks before, in conversation with Lord Lytton on Spiritualism, Lord Lytton stated that he thought ‘ there was some truth in it, but it was unprofitable, and explicable by natural causes.’ At the same interview, his Lordship alluded to the difficulty of divesting one's self of the love of approbation, even at his age, 67. This last remark explains the first one: the opinion of the world was the breath of his nostrils; abuse and derision were his dread. No man had had more convincing proof of extraneous agency under the mediumship of Home, and to Home he expressed his full belief in it—but the world must not laugh at him! No wonder he pronounced the subject ‘ unprofitable.’ I had some personal knowledge of him, and venture to say that, though great intellectually whilst on earth, his higher spiritual education never began here.”

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THE CUI BONO OF SPIRITUALISM—DR. NEWTON IN  
CALIFORNIA.

Dr. Newton is illustrating, in California—as he did in England, and as he has been doing for many years past—the *cui bono* of Spiritualism in the most direct and palpable manner, in the cure of long-standing and inveterate diseases. Extended reports of these are published in the San Francisco journals. We take the following from the *Daily Post*:—

While our reporter was in the Doctor's room, one gentleman came in on crutches, limping along with great difficulty. The Doctor said he could cure him, and put him through a course of passes and rubbings, and in ten minutes the man had thrown away his crutches, and was dancing and gyrating in the most laughable manner. Some of the lookers-on laughed at his ridiculous motions, but he told them to laugh away, he had the use of his legs again, and could afford to let them laugh.

Another remarkable case was of a woman who seemed to have a film over her eyes, and who said she was blind. The Doctor talked to her awhile, made

some passes, pressed his thumbs upon her eyelids, and told her she could see. She winked slowly, like a bat brought into the sunshine, and then declared she could see; and taking up a newspaper, she commenced to read it—the first reading, according to her own declaration, that she had done for six years. Her joy was affecting.

A little child was brought in on a pillow. It seemed perfectly helpless, unable to move any portion of its body except its eyes; yet, in half an hour it was sitting up, playing and laughing. Among the visitors were a number who had been treated before; one of them a young man who had been entirely cured of a large abdominal tumour. He said at the time of his first treatment he had not left his bed for six weeks, and now he is doing well. His residence is on the corner of Twenty-sixth and Howard Streets. Another visitor had been cured of hip disease in three treatments, and left his crutches with the Doctor as a trophy of his skill. Another of Dr. Newton's mementos is the crutch of a lady from Nevada, now stopping at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. She was suffering severely from a white swelling in the knee, and could not walk without a crutch. Under Dr. Newton's treatment she has quite recovered, and seems as though she never had been lame. Since her cure she has attended and danced at a ball.

Another patient whom our reporter saw in Dr. Newton's rooms was a young man who said he had been insane, but had been cured in six treatments. He is now well and rational. He says that his only trouble now is an occasional pain in his temples.

Another striking case was that of a Mr. Simmons, who was cured instantaneously of deafness, with which he said he had been afflicted nearly 30 years, and who was almost wild with joy and excitement at recovering his hearing. Mrs. Martha Webster, of 28, Stanly Place, was also cured of deafness almost immediately. Captain Farnsworth, stopping at the Russ House, was cured of Bright's disease and asthma; and F. Hoffman was cured of a cancerous tumour. Among the patients of Dr. Newton is a millionaire stock-broker, who is now stopping at the Cosmopolitan, and a prominent lawyer, resident of Oakland, who has nearly recovered from Bright's disease of the kidneys—a disease which has hitherto been thought incurable. The Doctor has a number of books filled with testimonials of marvellous cures, but we have noticed none of these.

That Dr. Newton is no common charlatan may be known from the fact that he demands no pay; and in 90 per cent. of the cases does not get any.

#### REFRACTION OF LIGHT THROUGH PSYCHIC AURA.

In regard to this theory, which, it will be remembered, was put forth by a spirit in explanation of those appearances on spirit-photographs rashly attributed to double exposure (see *Spiritual Magazine*, Vol. VII., page 482), Mr. H. Clifford Smith writes:—

“In the first place, it is quite true that a ray of light, passing from one translucent medium to another of greater or lesser density or refracting power, if homogeneous, is but deflected in a straight line, and will but present a single image to the retina of the eye, or what occupies an analogous position, the sensitive plate in the camera.

“But there are known substances which act differently upon the ray of light producing the phenomenon known as ‘double refraction.’ If a piece of Iceland spar be taken, for instance, and placed on a white ground upon which there is a dark spot—a blot of ink, for example, or a wafer of any colour—two images of each will be presented to the eye. If lines are viewed

through this medium, there will be two images of each line—parallel to each other. In certain conditions of the atmosphere I have noticed similar results when in the country; I have seen double images of trees, &c., but this I believe to be rare.

“But I do not think it necessary to force this double-refraction theory into the argument, although I adduce it, showing that that is one mode of explanation, and because it was that which struck me as being applicable when I first saw one of the photos in question; but since that time I have had more experience in the psychical phenomena in photography. I should be very sorry for anyone to take what I am now putting forth as an explanation to be the truth; it is simply the result of observation of effects, and what to me have appeared natural deductions as to the cause. Double exposure was to some the one and only cause that could produce such results; but as I have obtained photographs when I know for a certainty that no such means could have by any chance been resorted to—the whole manipulations having been performed either by myself or a friend, in whom there could be no doubt, at a private house, and with our own chemicals and apparatus, and as these photos, in some instances, bore most strongly these refractory signs—it necessitated some other theory, and that which I had formed as showing a plausible cause for the results obtained was corroborated by the spirit Katie without any allusion to it by me.

“Given, that the psychical aura is only capable of single refraction, the same double result may be obtained. How, I will endeavour to show. The sitter has taken his place, the plate is ready, and the camera cap is about to be removed, but up to that time the conditions have not been favourable for the spirit to collect and concentrate the aura requisite for its own manifestation; the cap has been removed, and the sitter has been exposed, say half the time a normal picture of the sitter and one impression of the defects in the background is produced. But now the spirit is ready, and coming with the refracting aura between the background and the camera, the denser medium, which is now intercepted, produces the slight refraction; the ray of light which proceeded from the rent to the camera is slightly deflected, and the double image is produced. I have seen one picture; it is the one I have alluded to—the first instance of the kind I saw—in which the aura, which was very dense, had been partially brought between the sitter and the camera, presenting the appearance of a movement having been made by him. It is now a long time since I have seen this picture; I simply describe the impressions it made on me at the time, but I hope what I have said will tend to show that the theory of refraction as adduced by Katie King to explain her phenomena is not to

be pooh-poohed at once, but admits of some acceptance until another and better theory can be brought forward. But, as we must see that she was speaking of the materials she was using herself, and that she must have some knowledge of their properties, her explanation seems to be most probably the true one."

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## Correspondence.

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### THOUGHT-READING.—WRITING ON THE SKIN.

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*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—Miss A. S——n, a well-known London actress, a few days after her arrival in New York to fulfil an engagement there, had the eminent medium, Mr. Foster, of that city, presented to her by chance.

A short time afterwards, Miss S——n, accompanied by the Hon. Judge D——g, and a sister actress, Miss W——y, (also of London celebrity), paid a friendly and unannounced visit to Mr. Foster. In the course of it, he felt constrained to interrupt the conversation to tell Miss S——n that she was thinking of matters foreign to the chat, and each time stated the nature of her thoughts. Two of these cases presented certain notable features. One was the naming of her sister, and the manner of her death, which was through the running away of a horse and her being thrown over a precipice in an insignificant hamlet of Spain—a fact known only to the doctor who attended her and to her sister, and which happened at no recent date. In the second instance, Mr. Foster truly named a gentleman, and mentioned his residence in India. He was not a person of high position or notoriety, and his association with the lady was so little known that she selected him for that same obscurity to be the better test.

When some twenty names of persons had been written on as many slips of paper, Mr. Foster being absent from the room at the time, and only the writer among those present, seeing what her pen traced, he took the balls of paper altogether, and picking up from the heap at random, unrolled each on his forehead, above the eyes and out of the reach of the visual ray, and yet read each name aloud, and described the present state or manner of death of the persons, though few were of historical note or otherwise known out of the lady's own circle. At the paper containing the name of Walter Montgomery, the suicide tragedian, which paper the lady herself could not recognise

when mingled with the others, Mr. Foster sprung up as if electrified, almost to the ceiling. "Don't do that, Mr. Foster," cried the lady, "you alarm me." "I was alarmed myself, madam," was the reply. "Poor fellow! he shot himself through the heart."

But, besides having an unspoken name appear on his bared arm in blood red characters, perhaps a more striking example of the medium's gifts was afforded in the following occurrence:—One Saturday evening Miss S——n was attacked with illness—caused by the change from London to New York in the dog days—her ailment being peculiar, and one not often encountered even by medical men. On the following morning Miss W——y, calling at Mr. Foster's, some twelve miles out from New York, observed, "Well, Mr. Foster, as you have not been to the city during the week, you have not seen how Miss S——n has got on?" "No!" said he, "and my distress would have been great last night if I had gone, for, poor young lady, she was hardly able to perform from illness." And he named the complaint, which, on Monday, Miss W——y found to be strictly exact, to the ladies' twofold amazement.

Mr. Foster is the gentleman who so greatly affected the manager of the first English Burlesque *Troupe* in America, by writing, with his hand, a communication of much consolation from the visitor's deceased mother. Her handwriting, thus presented to the person least likely to be deceived, was peculiar to herself. It may be added that Mr. Foster never permits remuneration for his exhibitions of soul-force, but lets himself be the agent of beyond the world communications through that pure desire to extend knowledge of high truths which adds weight to all the disciple does.

HENRY LLEWELLYN WILLIAMS.

17, Montague Street,  
Russell Square, W.C.

[Our contributor has, in confidence, favoured us with the full names of the persons referred to by him.—ED. S. M.]

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### PRESCIENCE.

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*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—Of all the forms of clairvoyance prescience or foreknowledge is the most incomprehensible, and is that which most staggers belief, because we can see no way to it, it fairly overleaps experience, and the prophet or seer himself cannot help us. He sees an incident that shall occur, or has the knowledge to a certainty, and a sense of the truth and reality quite different from the impressions of an ordinary dream, and can tell you no more, but that it is so, or may be that a voice tells him so. It was the same with the calculating child, Bidder: he gave you the desired conclusion, but how he arrived at the result he could not say; and no doubt we are elevated by the idea of such

occasional powers visiting us, but then it shows again how poor a thing is human reason when confronting primary facts, foolishly pressing on for explanations of that which is above or beyond the range of observation in regard to sequence and order. And to say that all that is beyond our comprehension is spiritual or divine, is rather a form of faith than explanation, the sense of a providence in the instinct of every meanest creature, a power that baffles the understanding; and men will arrogantly deny the possibility of what they cannot comprehend, as clairvoyance is still denied even by those who believe in the Bible. But are we to suppose that any class of facts in nature is more divine than another—that the formative principle, and instinct, and prescience is not as natural and under natural law as with all besides, and a spirit no more than the physical man can overleap the laws and bounds of nature in their special nature? And the magical is in reality as mechanical as the mechanical fundamentally is magical. Science is bringing us to this deep understanding and grand unity; and foresight based on observed fact and reason is essentially as instinctive as the forecast of the bird building a nest for the egg not yet in existence, and of which it can have no thought. We think too much of consciousness and too little of the power beneath all automatic but pregnant with instinct, to which thought and sense is but the shadow, and as nothing, and in fact is nothing, and until we discern this with absolute clearness, psychology is without foundation. But it is difficult to bring this home to men's apprehension because of the illusion that this sense and the efficient power is one act, though it be clear that in every state of consciousness or perception the physical or unconscious action does and must precede the sense of the same evolved. And as it is with the sense of light in regard to the insensible physical source so it is with the will or effort and all the phenomena of mental consciousness; and whether you refer the fact to a physical or spiritual source. Many years ago I was rather in the habit of using the word "wonder," until admonished by a profound thinker that the term was unphilosophical; that all things in nature were equally wonderful, or rather that all followed in an inevitable and eternal sequence according to particular laws, and to which there could be no exception, and that the only difference was in the variety or in what we could not discern the order, sequence and law, in consequence of the extreme subtle character of the process in regard to which prescience is a good instance. In nature all must be equally physical, equally spiritual, equally divine; and it is a clear delusion and unphilosophical notion to suppose otherwise, and in fact superstition, and superstition is but another term for ignorance or stupidity—a profound conclusion from which no really philosophical Spiritualist will dissent.

H. G. A.

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### WITCHCRAFT.

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*To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."*

SIR,—Dr. Manning recently is reported to have said that the belief in witchcraft is "exploded." It does not appear so, however, from evidence, nor from a statement in Zadkiel's Almanack for 1873. In my *Plea for Urania*, 1854, and more recently, in the *Biological Review*, I explained the laws which operated formerly against witchcraft, &c. Sir W. Blackstone, in his *Commentaries*, stated that "to deny the possibility, nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery, is to contradict the revealed word of God in various passages of the Old and New Testament; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath borne testimony by examples well attested or prohibitory laws, which suppose the possibility of a commerce with evil spirits." This judge did not deny the possibility of commerce with good spirits also.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

London, 15th Dec., 1872.

CHR. COOKE.